



NURSERY TILES. NO. IX.—SOUTHWARD, HO!

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE.

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TWEEDLEDEE and Tweedledum were twin brothers, sons of Doodle Rumpy, King of Doodle Island.

Very few people could tell them apart. One was just as tall and as stout as the other. Their bright blue eyes were the same shade and shape. Their hair was yellow and wavy, and the curls lay on Tweedledee's forehead exactly as they did on Tweedledum's.

Now you see that this made it very hard for their playmates, for when the boys wanted to have a sham battle they always had one on each side, and these, being the only princes on the island, were generally officers. It was all well enough if each army stayed behind its own snow-fort; but when the lines got to fighting outside and were all mixed up—why then there was great danger of the soldiers killing their own generals!

The children on Doodle Island did not consider it polite to keep asking "Which are you?" and so they could never tell which one they were talking or playing with. If Tweedledee fell down and was hurt, Tweedledum cried too, so you couldn't tell by the traces of tears on their cheeks. If any one

gave Tweedledee a bite of an apple, Tweedledum smacked his lips, and in a second no one really knew which one had swallowed the piece. So the other children spent a good deal of time wondering how they could tell them apart.

In this happy island things were quite different from our country. Each morning at nine o'clock a great bell rang. Then little boys and girls came flocking from every part to a large building which stood in the midst of a pleasant grove. This house was filled with everything that could make children happy. It was divided off into a good many little rooms and play-houses. Some of these were filled with dolls and dolly's furniture, for the smallest little girls. Other rooms had a real ground floor, and were marked off for playing "hop-scotch" or "king-taw," and "three-hole-peg." Each morning a fresh bushel-basket of marbles was brought in so that every boy could play "for keeps" and no one need go home mourning over the loss of their favorite blood-alley or bull's-eye.

There were balls and bats, with plenty of room to play "one old cat," or two old cats, or three old cats and the kittens, if you chose to. Outside of the

building, as I told you, was the grove, with lovely trees whose limbs grew so low that even the little boys in knickerbockers could climb them. There was a big hill where they picked berries in summer and slid down in winter.

Well, five days in the week the children



THE PRINCES AND THEIR FRIENDS.

of Doodle Island spent their time here. But Saturdays they went to another building and studied lessons, and if any boy or girl didn't know the multiplication table, the teacher staid after school!

Now all these children on Doodle Island were very happy, as you can imagine; yet there was one thing that troubled them (for people must always have something to worry over). So these silly little children really laid it to heart that they couldn't tell the

difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. When the twins were at the palace, they would sit and talk it over and try to discover some plan by which they could always tell which was which.

"There is a difference, we know," said a little girl with fluffy golden hair, whose name was Sweedlebourga, "and I'm just going to work to find it out."

"I don't believe you'll do it," said red-headed little Noodle Strings, a fat little boy who almost burst through his tight green jacket every time he laughed.

"Well, I'll help you, Bourga," said a sweet, frail-looking little child called Edleringen. "You watch one and I'll watch the other, and we'll be sure to find out something, sometime."

"Oh, but how'll we know which one we are watching?" said Sweedlebourga laughing. "Here they come — now let's watch sharp. I wish they wouldn't always dress alike in those pale velvet suits. Oh, goody!" she cried, as they came nearer, "they've got on new hats — maybe there'll be something different about them."

And surely enough, the little girls were delighted to find that one hat rim was lined with white and the other with pink. But mercy! in a few minutes the boys were playing tag in the yard, and their hats were caught off their heads and tossed about in such a manner that not even Edleringen and Sweedlebourga, watching as closely as they might, could keep any track of them. Pretty soon the game was over and the boys joined the little girls who were dressing dolls in the shade.

"Bourga," said Tweedledee, "if you'll go with me I'll show you a robin's nest with five blue eggs in it."

"Oh, show me," said his brother.

"And me!" "And me!" shouted the others.

"No, I sha'n't," said Tweedledee, "I won't show any one but Bourga. It's nice to have a secret, and we're going to have one, arn't we, Bourga?"

"Yes," smiled the little girl, for Bourga always smiled as she spoke.

The dimples couldn't help deepening in her cheeks every time she opened her mouth. Yet she did wish that she knew which one had promised to show her the nest! But it wasn't considered polite on Doodle Island to ask too many questions, so she said to herself, "He'll probably say something about his brother and then I shall know he's

the other one. I think this will be a capital way."

As they started off hand-in-hand through the grove the young prince spoke to the other children:

"Now, don't any of you follow us! Tweedle, you see that they stay behind."

"Ah, why couldn't he have called him by his whole name?" thought Edleringen. "Then we should have known. She's gone off with Pink Hat anyhow, and I'll just watch White Hat all the time they are away, so's not to get them mixed up again—then won't I feel proud? I guess the children 'll wish they was me—when I know Tweedledum from Tweedledee. Mercy! why, I most made poetry. Now I must watch this one."

"This one," as *we* all know, was Tweedledum. He didn't like being left out of his brother's secrets.

"I'll find out where that bird's nest is 'fore to-morrow night," he said to himself. "See 'f I don't."

Pretty soon the two came dancing back again, hand in hand, and the children heard the little prince say:

"We'll go every day till the little birdies come."

"All right," smiled Bourga, as she slipped down into a mossy seat at Edleringen's side.

How the little girls did want to ask each other if they had found out anything! But, as I have said, they were so polite on Doodle Island that they never would have thought of whispering in company. But when they were alone, one said to the other:

"Do you know now?"

"No, do you?"

"Not a thing except that the one that took you off was Pink Cap."

"Yes, I'm going to stick to that. We're going again to-morrow, and maybe I'll find out some more."

But the next day being rather damp, the little princes appeared in their old green velvet caps that they had worn the first of the season, and they were exactly alike.

While the rest of the boys were playing "Snap the Whip," one of the twin princes left the game.

"Bourga," he said, "let's go and look at our nest."

So Bourga started off quite eagerly. When they were out of sight of the others, the prince spoke:

"Now I am going to let you lead, and see if you can remember where I took you yesterday."

"Oh, yes, I know I can," said the bright little girl. And, surely enough, in a few minutes they had peeped into the nest and found the five little eggs as lovely as ever, and quite warm, too, for the mother-bird had just left them.

The little prince seemed in a hurry to get back to the others, and, some way, Sweedlebourga didn't enjoy the trip quite as much as she had yesterday.

When they returned to the chestnut tree the game of "Snap the Whip" was just finished, and the other prince came up to the little girls.

"Come, now, Bourga," said he, "let's go and see our nest."

"Go and see it!" cried Bourga, "why, we've just been!"

"Oh, I know we went yesterday, but we're going every day. You said you would."

"But I've been to-day!"

"Who with? I have you gone and told?"

"No, I haven't. I went with— Oh, you wicked boy," she said, facing round to Tweedledum, who was nearly choking with laughter behind her. "You fooled me! You pretended to be your brother, and yon made me lead the way."

"Did you do that? Oh, Tweedledum!" cried Tweedledee.

Both little girls looked up quickly to mark which was which. But Tweedledee, in his sudden anger at his treacherous brother, sprang up, and the two went whirling around together as in a wrestling match. They sprang around so fast that the little girls grew fairly dizzy, and when the boys let go of each other and threw themselves exhausted on the grass, who was any the wiser as to the difference between Tweedledee and Tweedledum?

Now I come to the strangest part of my story.

Whenever a king died on Doodle Island something always happened to its inhabitants—they did not remain for another to rule over them, but king and people passed away together.

One day, very soon, even before the robin's eggs were hatched,

All the little children were seated in a ring,

And some were telling stories, and some were listening.

They were very happy, for none of them knew that up at the shining palace the king lay dying.

The little princes in their pale velvet suits and pink and white hats, were standing side by side. Suddenly a rose-colored cloud seemed to settle down and cover them all up. No one stirred. They all seemed to be going to sleep.

When the cloud lifted, a great grey eagle flying over Doodle Island paused in his flight and looked down in surprise, for all the little children had been changed into plants and flowers. Dear little Swee-

dlebourga, with her fluffy golden hair, was a yellow daffodil smiling up at the sun. Noodle Strings was a great red poppy, nodding sleepily over a sweet wood violet that used to be pale little Edleringen. The grove was as full of flowers as it had been of children before the rosy cloud came down.

Bnt the twin princes — where were they?

Standing side by side, stiff and straight, their white hats had broadened into umbrellas now. Yet one remained lined with pink and one with white.

Two hours later, a little boy from another island came wandering through the grove. He had a basket on his arm. Stooping down to look at the two transformed princes, he joyfully picked one and trampled the other under his feet.

There was a delicious dish on his mother's dinner-table that day; and none of the company were poisoned with toadstools, for the wise little mushroom-gatherer knew the difference between Tweedledee and Tweedledum.



WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TWEEDLDEE AND TWEEDLEDUM?

IF I WERE A LITTLE BABY!

IF I were a little baby
I know what I'd like to do:
I'd nestle in mamma's arms,
And dimple, and laugh, and coo;
I'd never try to be brilliant,
I'd never wish to be wise,
But I'd look at you all so fondly
With a pair of big brown eyes.

I'd fumble in papa's whiskers
With a dear little pink-tipped hand,
And speak to the little sister
In a way that she'd understand;
And whenever a brother came near me
With anything sweet to say,
I'd show him how much I loved him
In my own little baby way.

No matter how dark the weather,
No matter how rain might fall,
I'd be like a bit of sunshine
To brighten and cheer you all;
And if mamma should ever be weary,
Or tired and fretted with pain,
I'd help to make her forget it,
And warm her heart again.

I'd be such a perfect darling
With my innocent, smiling face,
So dimpled and sweet, and precious,
So full of delight and grace,
So near God's beautiful angels
That I'd bring you near them, too —
And I think I know a baby
Who is just like this — don't you?